

Clearfield Republican.

BY G. B. GOODLANDER & CO.

PRINCIPLES, not MEN.

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CLEARFIELD, PA. WEDNESDAY, DEC. 12, 1860.

NEW SERIES—VOL. I.—NO. 22.

The Clearfield Republican

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JOB PRINTING.
An extensive stock of Jobbing material enables the Publisher of the "Republican" to announce to the public that he is prepared to do all kinds of
POSTERS, PAMPHLETS, PROGRAMMES, BLANKS, PAPER BOOKS, CIRCULARS, LABELS, BALL TICKETS, HANDBILLS, and every kind of printing usually done in a country job office.
All orders will be executed with neatness and despatch.
G. B. GOODLANDER & CO.

BUSINESS CARDS.

J. M. MULLOCH, W. M. MULLOCH, MULLOCH & BROTHER, Attorneys at Law.
Office on Market street, opposite Messrs. Store, Clearfield, Pa. Will attend promptly to Collections, Sale of Estates, &c. 1867-74

P. W. HAYS, Justice of the Peace, will attend promptly to collections and other matters in his charge. Address Kersey, Elk co., Pa. Oct. 24, 1860.

DANIEL GOODLANDER, Justice of the Peace
Luthersburg, Clearfield Co. Pa., will attend promptly to all business entrusted to his care. March 25, 1860.—ly. pd.

WILLIS IRWIN & SONS,
At the mouth of Hick Run, five miles from Clearfield, MERCHANTS, and extensive manufacturers of Lumber,
Dec. 21, 1852.

J. D. THOMPSON,
Blacksmith, Wagons, Buggies, &c., at his old stand in the borough of Carversville. Dec. 21, 1853.

D. H. M. WOODS, having changed his location from Carversville to Clearfield, respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of the latter place and vicinity.
Residence on Second street, opposite 1st of J. Crane, Esq. my 7, 1856.

J. G. HARTSWICK, M. D., Physician and Surgeon,
Clearfield Pa., May 30, 1860.

WALTER BARRETT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, will attend promptly and faithfully to all legal business entrusted to his care, in the several Courts of Clearfield and adjoining counties.
Office, the one formerly occupied by G. T. Barrett. Oct. 26th, 1855.—ly.

DR. G. W. STEWART, Physician and Surgeon, offers his professional services to the citizens of New Washington and surrounding community. Office three doors west of the Washington House, New Washington, Pa., Oct. 14, 1860.

JOHN HUIDEKOPER, CIVIL ENGINEER & LAND SURVEYOR, offers his professional services to the citizens of Clearfield county.
All business entrusted to him will be promptly and faithfully executed.
Office with Leonard, Finney & Co. Oct. 14, 1860.

LEVER FLEGAL, Justice of the Peace
Luthersburg, Clearfield Co. Pa., will attend promptly to all business entrusted to his care. He also informs the public that he keeps constantly on hand at his shop, a general assortment of Saddles, Bridles, Harnesses and whips, which he will sell on reasonable terms. April 4, 1860.

DENTAL CARD.
M. SMITH offers his professional services to the Ladies and Gentlemen of Clearfield and vicinity. All operations performed with the latest improvements, he is prepared to make Artificial Teeth in the best manner. Office in Shaw's new row. Sept. 14th, 1858. ly.

J. R. LARIMER, L. TEST, L. TEST, L. TEST, Attorneys at Law, will attend promptly to Collections, Land Agreements, &c., in Clearfield, Centre and Elk counties. July 30.—y

ROBERT J. WALLACE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Clearfield, Pa., Office in Shaw's Row, opposite the Journal office. Dec. 1, 1858.—4f.

MOORE & ETZWILER, Wholesale and Retail Merchants. Also extensive dealers in timber, sawed lumber and shingles. Also, dealers in flour and grain, which will be sold cheap for cash. Oct. 14, 1859.

HENRY WHITEHEAD, Justice of the Peace
Rockton, Centre sp., will attend promptly to all business entrusted to his care. Sept. 4, 1860. ly.

A very large stock of Spring and Summer clothing of the latest styles for sale low by Carversville, May 16, 1860. E. A. IRVIN.

Shackel and Herring for sale at the corner store of E. A. IRVIN.
Carversville, May 16, '60.

Select Poetry.

UNCLE SAM'S ADDRESS TO HIS BOYS.

[JOHN F. COLES, SCRIBER.]

Come Northern boys, and Southern boys,
And boys from East and West,
My friends, shake hands, and go to work;
You've had enough of rest.
You've voted for that candidate
That each thought best to rule the State.

Election's over now, my boys—
The President selected—
And like him well, or like him ill,
What adds, since he's elected?
A President should always be
The choice of the majority.

You've had a jolly time, my boys—
Performed some wonderful feats;
Have carried lights, on stormy nights,
Through all the public streets;
You've worked with all the scholar's toil,
And greased your coat with "midnight oil."

And now to work, my boys!
You've had enough of play;
And, as the winter's coming on,
Let's gather in the hay.
Nor cease our labors till the sun
Dut tell us that our work is done.

What care "you" who's president,
Or what care you who's king?
You've got the bone and muscle, boys,
And all that sort of thing.
The North and South and East and West
Can "bay" half 'arth, and whip the rest!

Shake hands, my boys; forgive, forget;
All angry feelings smother,
Remember that your all my boys,
And each to each a brother.
Fetch your stores, your workshops, farms,
And thus defy a "world in arms."

Then go to work, my honest boys,
And prove your noble birth
By struggling—not among yourselves—
But with the sturdy earth.
Whose bosom doth more treasure hold
Than politics a thousand fold.

Miscellaneous.

THE BURCH DIVORCE CASE.

This case which has been on trial at Napierville, Illinois, for the last two weeks, has attracted considerable attention throughout the country. The parties on both sides are very wealthy. Mrs. Burch is a niece of the Hon. Erastus Corning, President of the New York Central Rail Road, whose family connections wield great influence, both in New York and Illinois. Mr. Burch is a wealthy banker in Chicago, and we believe a strict member of the Presbyterian church. The parties have been married about 15 years, and are the parents of four children, the youngest about three years of age. In 1857, Mr. Burch came to the conclusion that his wife was too intimate with a Mr. Stewart, of Chicago; and so informed her. She however claiming to be innocent of any such reproach. This, however, is the pretext in this trial for a divorce.

The trial of this case is another demonstration of society, in a very high state of refinement and civilization. Below we publish two letters which were given in evidence at the trial, which tell a story of their own. What the result of the trial will be, is hard to determine at this stage of the case.

MRS. BURCH TO HER HUSBAND.

MY DEAR HUSBAND—I must, for the last time in my life, thus address you. I wish to thank you for all your kindness to me during all our married life, even when I was false and wicked; and for the last week, particularly, you have been so kind forbearing and good to me—oh! so kind—when I only deserved your hate. But you said that you do not hate me; that is indeed consoling to your poor heart-stricken Mary. I wish again to ask your forgiveness for all that I have done—deception, falsehood and everything. I know full well, darling, what a poor, miserable sinner I am, and I feel that some time my prayers will be answered. You have said you would pray for me, and I know you will, and you know the fervent prayer of the righteous man availeth much. Yes, I feel that if you would join your prayers to mine, I may yet find forgiveness with God. He is very merciful, and so kind to his erring, wandering children, that I trust he may have mercy upon me. I think that I can leave you to-night in peace. I try to feel that all is for the best, and I trust I may say from my heart, "God doeth all things well." As for you, dearest husband, you can never know how I suffer for you, and I am so thankful that all your friends love you, and care for you. I can bear that they should cast me aside and spurn me, if they will only love cherish and endeavor to console you, in this great affliction. They should do this, for you have done nothing, while I merit everything that is bad; and for the children, I pray them again, do not let for get me. Do not let them despise me; and, oh, at some future day do let me see you all once more. Oh, I am so miserable; and yet I dare not murmur. I can only say, God help me; and cry to him continually that He will heed me, and make me pure again. Darling little Maria, she must never hear one word said against her mother without telling you; and teach her, oh, teach her to shun all who revile me, however I may deserve it. But the thought is too terrible to bear, that my children, my darling children, whom I so fondly love, should ever hear me thus spoken of—should ever

Heartless Murder.

The First Fruits of the Negro Equality Doctrine—Negro Attack Upon Union Men.

The bitter and bloody fruits of the Republican negro equality doctrine are beginning to bloom out, even before the election. Murder and outrage go hand in hand with the amalgamation theories of the party, whose maxims would seem to be everything for the negro—nothing for the white man. But to the facts and to the proof.

Intense excitement prevails throughout Orange county in consequence of the heartless and deliberate murder of Phineas T. Wood, Esq., a highly respected resident of Goshen, by a black demon in human form, on Saturday evening last, and, as near as we can ascertain, for no other reason than that the unfortunate man was a Union man, and therefore opposed to the Republican principles of negro equality.

A Union meeting was held in the town on Saturday evening last, and after the adjournment, most of the people having gone home, a gang of black ruffians, some fourteen or fifteen in number, made a furious attack upon a handful who remained in the public house where the meeting was held. The negroes being all stalwart, ferocious fellows, and out numbering the whites, succeeded in dispersing the latter, and leaving their marks upon them in many a wound, the negroes remaining masters of the field.

The news of the outrage spreading, the white men returned with fresh recruits, and administered to the negroes a severe chastisement, after which everything was quiet. This riot took place on Thursday evening.

On Friday, one of the negroes, thirsting for revenge, paraded the streets of Goshen with a rifle in his hand, saying he was going to shoot a G-d-d white Democrat, and hawking out that "Every Democrat ought to have his throat cut." People thought he was not in earnest, and did not mind his threats. The negro then, with his gun loaded to the muzzle, proceeded to his home, about three miles out of the village. At this time Mr. Wood happened to be coming along on his way to Goshen, seeing whom, the negro out and deliberately leveled his gun at him. The gun missed fire—whereupon some words passed between Mr. Wood and his assailant, after which the latter, unheeding the remonstrances of the unhappy man, reloaded the gun and shot Mr. Wood dead on the spot—the ball taking effect in the back of his head.—N. Y. Express.

MRS. BURCH'S LETTER TO HER AGENT, MRS. THOMAS BURCH.

Mrs. Burch.—You will, I trust, pardon me for writing you at this time; but wretched and fallen as I am, I cannot let you, for one moment, think that I have carried out or wished the ruin of your daughter Fanny. God in Heaven knows that I am truly innocent of this terrible accusation. I learned from uncle that such was the opinion of Mr. Burch. I was heart-broken before, but this, if possible, added to my cup of bitterness. I trust, Mrs. Burch, that if you have entertained such a thought you will banish it, and beg Mr. Burch not to think of it any longer. I have given him good and just cause to think there is nothing too vile for me to do or countenance, but in this he has judged me wrongly. Mrs. Burch, tell your daughters from me that if they have any love of admiration, to check it now. Had I had finer friends and liked admiration less, I should not have been an outcast or wanderer—might almost say a leecher. My ruin was commenced by exciting my jealousy regarding my husband, and then, I see it now—battered did the work. Tell the girls to shun it; they would the dread sinroom. I have been too thoughtless. I have not deliberately rushed into ruin. Oh! no! indeed I have not. When I think of the great, dreadful wrong I have done my husband, it seems as though I could not live and suffer. Then, too, my sin against God has been so great! Do you, Mrs. Burch, think he will ever forgive me? My mind has been so distressed I have been almost distracted. I have written Mr. Patterson, hoping he can give me some consolation. Oh, Mrs. Burch, if you only know how I suffer! I have been all alone since Thursday, and I have had time for thought. I prayed, too—prayed for forgiveness of God, and have prayed that Mr. Burch would in time forgive me. Oh! when I was told of his intense hatred to me, although I write it, I was distressed beyond endurance. The thought that he hates me is dreadful. I can only pray that he will forgive me, and feel less hatred for me. Will you, Mrs. Burch, thank him for his assumed kindness when I left him. I can never forget his parting his arm around me and kissing me "Good-by," although now I know he did not mean it the way I received it. I wish, Mrs. B., you would write me immediately that you do not think I wicked or wished at any such thing regarding Fanny. I am very much afraid that you should have thought so. And now, Mrs. Burch, will you be kind to those dear children? They are so precious. Will you pray for me? Oh! if ever I needed prayers, I need them now. I deserve all this suffering, and I pray it may be the means of bringing me nearer to my God. Mine is no mock sorrow or repentance. Mrs. Burch, I do hope and pray for forgiveness, and wish all who ever prayed for me. I hope you will write me. Tell me that you pity me, and will pray for me. Kiss the children for me. Of course you will have no fears that I will write you again, but I wish you would answer this, and direct your letter to mother.

THE PORTLAND ARGUS SAYS.

—We had always supposed that Rhode Island was about the greatest place for divorces in the New England States. But a glance over the docket of the Supreme Court of this State for the County of Cumberland, leads us to doubt the correctness of our supposition. There are, on the continued and new dockets for the present term of the courts, forty-two suits for divorce. Of these 30 were by the wives, and 12 by husbands vs. wives. The court has granted divorces in eight of the cases, and dismissed the libel in two cases. Two have been entered "neither party," and thirty still remain to be adjudicated upon.

SURE REMEDY FOR A FELON.—This very painful eruption, with all the "remedies" recommended, is seldom arrested until it has run a certain course, after causing great suffering for two or three days and nights. The following is said to be a certain cure: Take a pint of common soft soap and stir in air-slacked lime until it is of the consistency of glazier's putty. Make a leather tumbler, fill it with this composition, and insert the finger therein, and a cure is certain. This is a domestic application that every housekeeper can apply promptly.

The artesian well at Columbus, O., has reached the depth of two thousand three hundred and forty-four feet.

Hints to Husbands.

Here is something which should be cut out, preserved, and carefully read at least once a week:

Never wish for dishes your mother prepared for you when a boy. There is nothing of which a wife is more jealous than a mother-in-law's cookery; besides, there is scarcely a doubt that the very dishes so much longed for, would fail to please you now. When a boy everything was relished with a boyish zest; but now even your mother, noted for the cookery of her old-fashioned dishes, if you have become accustomed to the more modern styles, would be found faulty. But suppose she was, and is now, a perfect housekeeper in all respects, is it kind and gentlemanly to put your mother, with her years of experience, in competition with your young and inexperienced wife? You must bear and forbear, as very likely your father did before you, or you will never have a housekeeper in your wife.

Do you not remember, if you have been married a few years, many times to have found your dinner spoiled, wife out of tune, and yourself seriously annoyed, when you could, without injury to business, or even trespassing on the laws of courtesy, have been punctual to the moment? And again, when for important reasons, you desire the dinner prompt, you have found it far from ready, have you not found fault, and been reproached with such want of regularity yourself as to make it impossible to keep up a proper system in the family.

If not, you are a pattern husband, whose example it would be well for many to copy. If your wife has no servants, or not a sufficient number to do the work of the family, her time is as precious as yours, and the moments wasted for you, must be made up by extra exertion throughout the day, or taken from the hours necessary for repose at night. You little think of this, or your practice would be different.

JEREMY TAYLOR ON MATRIMONY.—If you are for pleasure, marry; if you prize rosy health, marry. A good wife is Heaven's best gift to man—his angel and minister of graces innumerable—his gem of many virtues—his casket of jewels. Her voice is sweet music—her smiles, his brightest day—her kiss, the guardian of his innocence—her arms, the pale of his safety—the balm of his health, the balance of his life—her industry, his surest wealth—her economy, his safest steward—her lips, his faithful counselor—her bosom, the softest pillow of his cares—and her prayers, the ablest advocates of Heaven's blessings on his head.

ALWAYS ROOM UP STAIRS.—A young man who was thinking of studying law said to Daniel Webster: "Mr. Webster; I understand the profession of law is quite full, and that there are more lawyers than are needed. Do you think there is any chance for me?" "There is always room up stairs," was the reply, as true as it was ingenious. Only a few persons reach the high places, and these are always in good demand. "There is room enough up stairs." First class farmers and mechanics, as well as physicians, lawyers, etc., always find plenty of room, plenty of work, and good pay. Whatever calling you choose, and it matters little if it be an honest one, resolve to go into an up-story; but do not try to jump there by a single leap, or you may fall disabled. Rather begin at the bottom of the ladder and patiently step upon each round.

OUR MINISTER TO PERU.—John R. Clay, who is on his way from Peru, is a veteran diplomatist. He went from Pennsylvania in 1830 with John Randolph, as his secretary of legation at St. Petersburg, where he afterwards acted in the same capacity with Mr. Buchanan, who has ever since been his friend. In 1838 Mr. Clay was transferred to Vienna, where he was secretary of legation until 1845, when he was restored to his position at St. Petersburg by Mr. Buchanan, then Secretary of State. In 1847, Mr. Buchanan obtained from President Polk the appointment of charge d'affaires to Peru for Mr. Clay, and in 1853 he was made a minister plenipotentiary.

MOTHER. "Mother," said little Ned one morning after having fallen from his bed—"Mother I think I know why I fell out of bed last night. It was because I slept too near the place where I got in." Muttering a while as if in doubt whether he had given the right explanation, he added, "no, that was not the reason; it was because I slept too near the place where I fell out!"

TO ALL MY FRIENDS I BID ADIEU.—A more sudden death you never knew! As I was leading the old mare to drink; she kick'd and hit me quicker than wink!

Description of a Boa Constrictor.

The following is the last piece of showman eloquence:

"Gentlemen!—This is the celebrated boa constrictor, the finest, largest, longest, strongest, and prettiest animal of its species in this country. He was caught in South Africa (as he lay torpid after swallowing two oxen and a drove of sheep), in a wire net, his capture affording a beautiful illustration of successful wire pulling.—It was supposed that the sand where he was found, was hot enough to boil eggs; and that his skin was at least 'well done'; there is proved by its highly finished appearance. His color is supposed to combine all the hues that ever lister or bit from the 'old serpent' to a conger eel.—His size is variable, as like most other objects in nature, he expands with heat and contracts with cold. For every rise of five degrees in the thermometer, he gets a foot of longitude. In his native sands he's a hundred and fifty feet long. The warm season of our own country stretch him twenty five feet. Last January when the thermometers fell to sixteen degrees, he shrank into such trifling dimensions as to be invisible through a microscope. His present length you can see for yourself. His temperance principles are of the Goughat kind. He is a dozen cold water societies rolled into one. His drink at his present dimensions is three gallons of water per week; he's a feed—three more gallons. He has great natural talent for politics which he shows by changing his coat four times a year. Price of admission, one shilling."

Books.—Books are never so necessary as in the wane of life. In childhood we are busy with toys; in youth with pleasure; in manhood with action; and so may dispense with the delights of reading with little consciousness of loss. But at last when we are too wise to be charmed with baubles; too earnest to be tickled with straw; too old to enjoy the pleasures of sense; too fond of repose to endure the noise of the bustling world; then it is that books are felt to be the truest and most agreeable of friends, companions who neither contradict us with arrogance, insult us with bad manners, nor love us with proximity. For we can cherish the entertaining, reject the dull, and snub the long-winded without giving pain. How pleasant when life is in the "rose and yellow leaf!"

"To turn again our earlier volumes o'er, And love them then, because we've loved before; And wily bless the waning hour that brings A will to lean once more on single things; If this be weakness, welcome life's decline; If this be second childhood, be it mine!"

Nearly a Dead Letter.—A Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Sun says: "The utility and accuracy of the dead letter office was this morning strikingly illustrated. Assistant Postmaster Ewald Zevly, of the finance division, addressed a letter to Auditor Tate, of the Treasury, stating that dead letter H. No. 18, Bk. 3, written by Mrs. Adaline Hobbs, addressed to Dr. Joshua T. Hobbs, New York City, which appears by the record to contain two ten dollar bank bills, was sent on the 25th of November, 1828, for delivery to the writer on the 6th of February, 1829; the postmaster of New York not being able to find the writer, returned the letter, with its contents to the dead letter office. After a lapse of thirty-one years, the letter is now claimed by the person addressed—J. T. Hobbs, Mount Vernon, O., and a draft for the money is accordingly remitted on the very day of the application."

The Patriots in Motion.

The *Centre Democrat* (Republican) of last Thursday, says: "We happened to be in the post office the other evening at the opening of the mail, and about one-third of the entire number of letters in the bag were for Col. Curtin. We think there must have been fully thirty—pretty good for one mail.—Go into the Colonel's office almost when you will, and you will find him, coat off busy answering letters. We are informed he will have about five hundred applicants for every office in his gift. We are under the impression some body will get disappointed."

RECEPTION OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.—Lord Palmerston spoke with great enthusiasm at a recent banquet in London, of the friendly reception of the Prince of Wales in the United States, which has evidently been a revelation to our English cousins. The English papers all discuss it in the same tone, and the London News says:—"He has seen a nation of soldiers without an army—civil order without a police—wealth, luxury and culture, without a court or an aristocracy. He has learned to mingle with the busy crowd of men without the intervention of chamberlains and courtiers; he has found respect without ceremony and honor without adulation."

THE TWO YANKEES AND INDIANS.—to the Massachusetts Constitution, or rather the amendment to the Constitution of that State requiring a residence of two years on the part of foreigners before they can be permitted the right of suffrage, is about to be carried to the Supreme Court of that State. The movement will be instituted by the naturalized citizens of Fall River.

A cuto Yankee in Kansas sells liquor in a gun barrel, instead of a glass, that he may avoid the law, and make it appear beyond dispute, that he is selling by the barrel.